

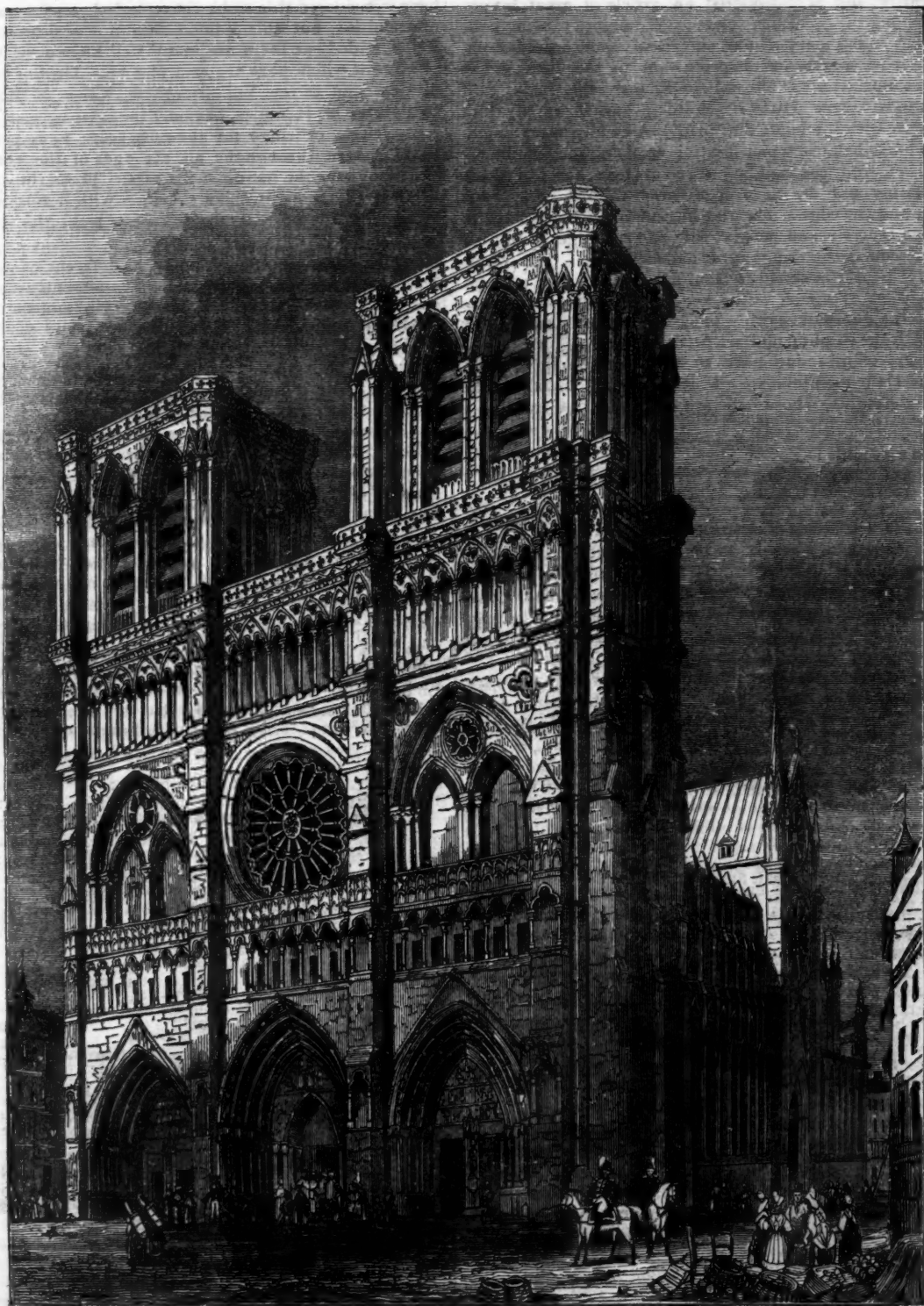
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THE CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME, PARIS.

SOME ACCOUNT OF PARIS, HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE.

PART THE THIRD.

HISTORY OF THE MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW, IN 1572.

THE city of Paris has attained a fearful celebrity on account of the numerous and extensive scenes of slaughter and devastation which cause so many of the pages of its history to be written in characters of blood. Among all these transactions, perhaps the most cruel and heartless is that which is commonly called THE BARTHOLOMEW, or the Massacre of St. Bartholomew's, which was perpetrated on the day of that saint, viz., 24th August, 1572.

The dark and bloody scenes of that terrible day are deeply written in the hearts and memories of Protestants, nor can they view the merciless slaughter of their brethren, committed under the mask of friendship, and preceded by every expression of regard, without feelings of the deepest regret, indignation, and abhorrence. The events which preceded this memorable massacre, and the position of public affairs at the time it took place, can be but briefly described in this place, but some notice of them will be necessary to enable such of our readers as may be unacquainted with the subject, to understand the full atrocity of the transactions of the 24th August.

Protestantism in France, at the time we are speaking of, had not the advantage of being sanctioned or tolerated by the ruling powers. In England, its progress was aided by the civil magistrate, and a sort of compromise was effected between those who had embraced the reformed religion, and the adherents to Popery, but the *Huguenots*, as the French Protestants were called, were very differently circumstanced. Discountenanced, and at length persecuted by the court, they became a separate people, united to each other by the closest bonds of fellowship and religion, but opposed, in principle and practice, to the prevailing religion of their country. Dreadful persecutions of the Protestants had taken place during the reigns of Francis the First, and of his son Henry the Second: pillages, massacres and burnings, every where became the lot of that devoted party.

In 1560, the fires of martyrdom were less frequently lighted up, but civil war began to distract the country. The princes of the House of Bourbon, alarmed at the increasing authority and imperious conduct of the Cardinal of Lorraine and the family of the Guises, sought to fortify themselves against these powerful strangers, by an alliance with numbers of the persecuted Protestants and others, who, on their side, were glad to embrace the protection thus offered them. Though we have previously mentioned the term *Huguenot*, it was not until this period that it was conferred. It was derived, according to some, from a Swiss term signifying *sworn*, or *bound by an oath*; according to others, it was a contemptuous appellation derived from the smallest coin then in use, which had been first circulated in the time of Hugo Capet. The party opposed to the Huguenots (that is, the Guises, and their uncle the Cardinal of Lorraine,) had the powerful support of the Pope and the court of Rome, and also of the courts of France and Spain, and were called the Popish or Catholic party. Unhappy was it for the poor Protestants that they were thus led to cling for protection to a party, and induced to join in the civil strife which followed, and in which the leaders on either side, appear in many cases, to have been actuated by political animosity alone, and to have made a show of their religious differences while they were secretly gratifying their own ambitious views.

Between the years 1560 and 1570, treaties of peace were twice concluded between these rival powers, but were shamelessly broken, as it suited the purpose of the Guise party; and in the latter year, when peace was offered a third time, it is not to be wondered that the Protestants received the proposal with some mistrust, especially as unusual favour was shown to them in the terms of the treaty. It will be necessary, however, to describe the character of the reigning sovereign at this important period. The government of France was nominally in the hands of Charles IX., who, on the death of his elder brother, Francis II., had succeeded to the throne at the early age of ten years. The actual ruler of the country was his mother, Catherine de Medicis,

widow of Henry II. This woman was ambitious to the highest degree, and impatient of control: her nature was cruel, and she practised the arts of perfidy and dissimulation in such a manner as to show that she was alike unrestrained by religion and humanity. From the time that her son became king, she used all her endeavours to corrupt and enfeeble the mind of her own child, in order that, as he advanced in years, he might, retaining the mere name of king, leave all real power in her hands. In these attempts, she partly succeeded, and at the age of twenty-two, we find the king second only to his wicked parent in treachery, cruelty, and selfishness. He did not possess her resoluteness and inflexibility of purpose, but he was obstinate and wayward; the superior talents of which he had shown some proofs, had been checked and perverted by the evil influences of those around him, and all the vicious parts of his character had expanded and increased with baneful luxuriance. Such were the hands in which supreme authority was vested, and from such an unexpected quarter did the Protestants now receive advantageous offers of peace. Tired of civil war and its miseries, the Protestant leaders accepted the conditions proposed to them, and a peace, afterwards called *la paix boiteuse*, the lame peace, was concluded between the parties. The principal leader of the Protestants, at that time, was Gaspard de Coligny, Lord of Châtillon, and admiral of France. He was a brave and virtuous man, grave in his manners, upright in his intentions, cool and collected in danger, and displaying the greatness of his character more especially in the time of adversity and distress. The chiefs of highest rank were the two young princes, Henry, king of Navarre, (afterwards Henry IV.,) and the Prince of Condé, who had sworn to avenge the death of his father, who had been assassinated by the opposite party.

The Catholic and Protestant leaders, far from being reconciled or united by the false peace which existed between them, were ever on the watch, and mistrustful of each other. But it was not Catherine's purpose to keep up the fears of Protestants, for whom she had now begun to lay her deep and dreadful snare. It appears tolerably certain that as early as the year 1565, this treacherous woman had projected the "deliverance of the kingdom from the Protestant party," and that a council was held at Bayonne for the express purpose of forwarding such views, where the French, Spanish, and Papal powers came to an understanding on the subject of the massacre, which circumstances did not put in their power till seven years afterwards. Hints on the subject of that iniquitous conference accidentally escaped, and the Protestants were for awhile on their guard, but several years of comparative tranquillity having elapsed, they were lulled into a false security, by a series of the most artful devices, and at length the sincerity of the royal family seemed placed beyond all question by the proposal of Catherine to give her daughter, the sister of the reigning king, in marriage to the young protestant Prince of Navarre. The Queen of Navarre, with the young prince Henry, arrived at court to conclude the treaty, and met with the most flattering reception. The honourable and respectful treatment of them by the king, excited the surprise of every one.

After one of these scenes of dissimulation, we are told by Sully and other writers that Charles, on quitting the Queen of Navarre, said to his mother, "What do you think of me; do I not play my part well?" The queen, pleased with the duplicity of her son, replied, "Yes, very well, but to commence is nothing unless you go through with it." "Let me alone," said Charles, "and I will net them every one for you."

The court, which had hitherto been stationed at Blois, came to Paris to prepare for the approaching marriage. On the 9th of June, 1572, the Queen of Navarre died suddenly, and though it was given out that her death was caused by over-fatigue in preparing for the nuptials of her son and Margaret de Valois, it is generally believed that

poison was administered to her by an agent of Catherine de Medicis. The Queen of Navarre was a woman of sense and penetration, and it is thought that Catherine dreaded her discovery and subversion of the schemes which were now so deeply laid for the entrapping of the Protestant party. This event, concerning which there was sufficient mystery to have excited the suspicions of Coligny, had he been at all distrustful of the intentions of the court, was not allowed to shake the confidence of the good admiral, and, blinded by the flatteries and protestations of Catherine and her son, he remained in fancied security to be present at the marriage of the young prince. Invitations were sent to all the distinguished Huguenot lords and gentlemen in France, to repair to Paris on this occasion, and, encouraged by the example of their admired leader, the greater part of their number hesitated not to obey the summons.

Meanwhile, the Cardinal of Lorraine, who feared for the safety of his person, should the plot be unsuccessful, quitted the court of France and repaired to Rome, leaving Cardinal Pelvé to transmit to him every particular of the progress of the conspiracy. It is said that some of these letters were intercepted and laid before Coligny, but that his noble mind rejected with abhorrence the idea of so much treachery on the part of Catherine and the king. The more he was entreated by the Protestant chiefs to be on his guard, the more indignantly did he repel all doubts of the king's sincerity. In order to maintain the confidence of the admiral, Charles and Catherine redoubled their arts. The Guise party affected to be jealous of the regard shown for Coligny, and their jealousies and threats to retire from court were related to the Protestants.

At length a letter, purporting to be from Rome, announced that, through the exertions of the Cardinal of Lorraine, the difficulties which had arisen concerning the projected marriage were overcome, and that a dispensation from the Pope would speedily be granted. The preparations were then hastened, the young Prince of Condé, with a number of Protestant noblemen, arrived in Paris, and the eighteenth of August was fixed on for the celebration of the nuptials. On the evening of the seventeenth, the espousals of the royal pair were celebrated in the Louvre with great festivity, and on the following morning the marriage took place with great pomp and splendour, the ceremony being performed on an elevated platform in front of the fine cathedral of Notre Dame, in the presence of a vast assemblage both of Catholics and Protestants. For four days following nothing was heard of but balls, masquerades, splendid banquets, &c.

One of these entertainments was of so remarkable a description that we cannot but give some account of it. It took place on the 20th of August, at the Hôtel de Bourbon, and was in fact a theatrical representation of the horrible tragedy about to be enacted. King Charles and his two brothers, personated knights in complete armour, who defended the entrance to the Elysian fields, where beautiful verdure and flowers, and nymphs richly arrayed, invited the attention of troops of knights errant, advancing from the opposite side of the stage. These knights, also, were arrayed in complete armour, and wore various liveries, but they were not able to reach the gardens without passing a river which separated them from it. On this river was a boat guided by Charon. In their attempt to reach the Elysian shore, they were hindered by the three knights, who, having broken their lances against the assailants and struck them with their swords, drove them back towards a place which represented the infernal regions of the heathen mythology, where fiends waited to drag them down the abyss. Thus every troop of knights was overcome and driven into Tartarus, where they were finally shut in, and the gates made fast. The meaning of this allegory became too evident, and the flatterers in court afterwards complimented the king on having chased the Huguenots into hell.

This strange pastime, together with various secret intimations of danger received by the Protestants, at length aroused their fears; and these fears were suddenly augmented by the arrival of a body of 1200 soldiers in Paris, who took up their stations in the vicinity of the palace and arsenal. Several Protestant noblemen secretly left Paris, and Coligny himself was induced to seek an explanation. The king assured the admiral that the troops had been ordered thither for the express purpose of protecting the Huguenots themselves against the rancour of the Guise party. Thus easily were they lulled into security, for which

a Popish writer proposes to account by the supposition, that *God, in order to ensure their destruction, had smitten them with judicial blindness!*

On Friday, the 22nd of August, Coligny after having attended a council at the Louvre, departed for his residence in the Rue Béthizy. On the way, he met the king coming from a chapel in front of the palace, and accompanied his majesty to a neighbouring tennis-court, where Charles and the Duke of Guise played against Téligny and another Huguenot gentleman. After a short stay, the admiral withdrew, and attended by twelve gentlemen, proceeded homewards to dinner, a meal which was then taken at the early hour of eleven in the forenoon. He walked slowly through the Rue des Fossés St. Germain l'Auxerrois, reading a paper which had just been presented to him, and as he came opposite to the house of a canon named Villemer, who had formerly been preceptor to the Duke of Guise, an arquebuss was discharged from a trellised window in it, and he was struck by two balls, one of which carried away the fore finger of his right hand, while the other inflicted a severe wound on his left arm. Coligny retained his composure sufficiently to point out to his attendants whence the shot had been fired, and to direct one of them to go and acquaint the king with what had happened; others supported him home, while the rest of his followers quickly made their way into the house, and ascended to the chamber in which the assassin had stationed himself. The arquebuss was there resting on the window, but Maurevert himself (for it was he who had fired it,) had escaped through a back-door opening into the cloister of the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, and was riding at full speed out of the city by the gate of St. Antoine. The king was still playing in the tennis-court when the news of this outrage, perpetrated in its immediate vicinity, reached him. He instantly threw down his racket, exclaiming with an air of consternation:—"Shall I never have peace? What! always fresh troubles!" and retired into the Louvre. The Duke of Guise took his departure in another direction.

Coligny having been carried home and put to bed, was speedily visited by the King of Navarre and the Prince of Condé; for the news spread rapidly, and excited a great sensation among the Protestants. The celebrated surgeon, Ambroise Paré, attended, and advised an amputation of the thumb; but the operation being performed unskilfully, caused the patient a great deal of pain. When his arm was being dressed, the admiral secretly ordered a hundred crowns of gold to be delivered to the minister Merlin, for distribution among the poor; and throughout this trial, he showed "much resignation, courage, and devotion to the religion which he professed." His wounds were declared on the following day not to be dangerous.

After a short stay in the admiral's chamber, the King of Navarre and the Prince of Condé repaired to the king's presence, and complained of the atrocious attempt, beseeching his majesty to permit them to depart from Paris, since neither they nor their friends could remain there in safety. The queen-mother had just told her son, "that it was necessary to promise justice, and take care that no one departed, and they would afterwards consider the rest." Charles accordingly replied, with his usual oaths, that the authors and abettors of the outrage should be subjected to exemplary punishment; and begged the young princes not to quit the court, in order that they might be witnesses of his diligence in pursuing the guilty. The queen-mother spoke in the same strain; "a great outrage," she said, "had been committed against the king, and if such a crime went unpunished, neither the person of his majesty, nor her own, would be safe from similar attempts in their very palace." Orders were immediately given to the Provost of Paris, for pursuing the assassin and his accomplices, and for shutting all the city gates except two.

Soon afterwards, Téligny brought a request that his majesty would visit Coligny, as he had a communication to make. Accordingly, about two o'clock in the afternoon, the king set out from the Louvre for Coligny's hotel, accompanied by the queen-mother, his brothers, and a large retinue of courtiers; taking a route which avoided the scene of the outrage, where a crowd was assembled, gazing upon the admiral's blood. "The wound is your's, the pain is mine," said the king to Coligny, on being introduced into his chamber; and then, with his customary imprecations, he added: "I will take so terrible a vengeance that never shall it be effaced from the memory of man." Charles and his mother approached the admiral's bedside, and a conversation ensued in a low tone of voice

Coligny afterwards complained that the last treaty of pacification had been violated. The king answered that his greatest desire was to maintain the treaty. "I have sent commissioners," he said, "charged to execute it rigorously; here is my mother, who can bear witness to it."—"That is true," observed Catherine, "and you know it well."—"Yes," replied Coligny, "but among those commissioners there are some who have condemned me to be hanged, and have offered a reward of 50,000 crowns to any one who should bring you my head."—"Well, then," rejoined the king, "we will send others who shall not be suspected by you; and then, with an apparent wish to evade further explanation upon the subject, he added: "My father, you heat yourself too much, it will injure your health."

A part of the conversation seems to have been held, at Coligny's request, between himself and the king alone; Charles commanding his mother and his brother to retire to a distance. Catherine afterwards confessed, that these were the most painful moments of her life: "Her consciousness of guilt, the interest with which Charles listened to the admiral, the crowds of armed men in constant motion through the house, their looks and whispers, and gestures, all conspired to fill her with terror." Unable to remain any longer in such a situation, she interrupted the conference, by pretending that silence and repose were necessary for the recovery of the admiral.

In the course of the same day, the Protestants held a meeting at which the late attempt upon the admiral's life formed the principal topic. "It is the first act of a tragedy which will end with the murder of us all," said Jean de Ferrières; "let us quit the city as soon as possible." But the young and generous Téligny indignantly repelled all suspicions of the king's good faith; and succeeded in impressing his own feelings of confidence upon the bulk of the assembly.

The chiefs of the conspiracy held a meeting to decide the extent of the massacre, and whether the King of Navarre and the Prince of Condé should be comprised in it. Among the conspirators present were the queen-mother, the Duke of Anjou, the Duke of Nevers, Cardinal Birague, Marshal Tavannes, and the Count de Retz; whether Charles himself was there, is considered by some to be a matter of doubt. According to his own statement, as reported by his sister Margaret, in her *Memoirs*, he was visited about the middle of the day, in his chamber, by his mother, who was soon followed by the Duke of Anjou and other lords of the Catholic party; and then he was suddenly informed that the Protestants were engaged in a conspiracy; that Coligny and his friends were plotting his destruction, and that if he failed to anticipate them, and waited till the next morning, he and his family would be the victims of their designs. Influenced by this representation, he gave, he says, a reluctant and hurried consent to the proposals of his counsellors, exclaiming as he left the room, "that he hoped not a single Huguenot would be left alive to reproach him with the deed."

The measures adopted in the course of the day, for the execution of the detestable plot, seem to have been intended at the same time to allay the suspicions of the Protestants, and to ensure their destruction. The king sent several gentlemen to visit Coligny on his part; he even sent his sister Margaret, the newly married Queen of Navarre, on the same mission. He ordered the necessary process to be commenced against those who had attempted the life of the admiral, and he received the Duke of Guise very coldly in public. Under pretence of giving the Protestants guards to protect them from the Guises, of whom Charles affected to entertain apprehensions, the municipal officers of the different quarters of the city were sent to all the houses in which they dwelt, with orders to write down the name and residence of each of them. Permission had been given to the Protestant lords and gentlemen to take up their abode in the admiral's quarter, that they might enjoy the protection of the guard assigned to him; a large number availed themselves of it, and for their accommodation, the Catholic inhabitants were obliged to give up their houses. Fifty soldiers were stationed around the hotel of Coligny; but the pretext of ensuring his safety received an ominous contradiction from the fact that they were commanded by the Sieur de Cosseins, a creature of the queen-mother, and a sworn enemy of the admiral.

The evening of Saturday, the 23rd, brought with it some alarming indications; specious explanations were given, and the suspicions of the Protestants were still lulled by their reliance on the royal word. Bands of armed men were gathering in the neighbourhood of the Louvre; "It is the

Guises stirring up the people," said the king, "I will settle it." The alarmed Protestants ventured to complain that a number of porters were engaged in carrying arms into the Louvre. The king's answer was ready; those arms were required for an entertainment about to be given in the palace, in which was the representation of a besieged fortress. It had been determined by the conspirators, that the lives of the King of Navarre and the Prince of Condé should be spared; this decision has been variously attributed to the suggestion of the Duke of Nevers, the Count de Retz, and the Marshal de Tavannes. In the *Memoirs* of the Marshal, written by his son, we are told, that "to his single advice, and to his single voice, the great king Henry and the Prince of Condé, owed their lives;" and that it was unfortunate for the Marshal's posterity that his majesty did not know the truth upon that point. However, as the time approached for the execution of the plot, the young princes were treated with much apparent kindness by the king, who affected to fear that the Guises might make an attempt upon their lives, and requested them, for their better security, to introduce their principal officers and gentlemen into the Louvre that night, and station them around their own apartments. The request was complied with; and by ten o'clock on the night of Saturday, the princes had retired to their chambers unsuspecting of the coming storm.

During the night, the Duke of Guise was chosen to be the chief director of the horrible enterprise. He stationed the Swiss troops and some French companies around the Louvre, with strict orders, not to permit the departure of a single servant of the King of Navarre or the Prince of Condé; and similar instructions were forwarded to Cosseins at the hotel of Coligny. Detachments of military were likewise stationed along the bank of the river and in various streets; and the Provost of the Merchants was commanded to direct the captains of the different quarters to arm their companies, and to repair towards midnight to the Hôtel-de-Ville. The city had been parcelled out among the chiefs of the conspiracy, each of them having assigned to him a quarter in which he was to direct the massacre; the Duke of Guise reserved for himself that in which the admiral resided. The houses of the Protestants had been marked with white crosses; the perpetrators of the massacre were to be distinguished by white scarfs around their left arms and white crosses in their hats.

As the hour drew nigh for striking the fatal blow, Catherine felt apprehensive lest her son's resolution might fail him. She repaired to his chamber, and held a long conference with him; but finding him still hesitate, she reproached him with suffering the opportunity to escape which God offered him, of triumphing over his enemies. This imputation of pusillanimity determined his wavering mind; and he rashly consented to all that his mother required. It had been originally agreed, upon the advice of the Marshal de Tavannes, that the massacre should not begin before day-break, or between two and three o'clock in the morning, lest the darkness should facilitate the escape of any of the intended victims. Catherine wished the work of slaughter to be complete; but knowing the vacillating temperament of her son, she was anxious to secure his assent as soon as possible, and then take steps to render it irrevocable. Everything was in readiness; the armed citizens had been assembled at the Hôtel de Ville, and harangued by Marcel, the late provost of the merchants, who explained to them the intentions of the court, and the necessity for the sanguinary measures about to be adopted.

Some of the Protestants dwelling in the admiral's neighbourhood, were awakened by the noise and bustle naturally incident to the execution of so great a plot; and upon going to the Louvre, to inquire of the sentinels the reason of the extraordinary movements, they were insulted and repulsed. One of them, complaining of this treatment, was killed by a Gascon soldier, with the blow of a partizan; and the others were immediately slain. The impatient Catherine availed herself of this opportunity. "It is no longer possible to restrain the ardour of the troops," she said to her son; "disorders will ensue, of which we shall have cause to repent,—it is time to give the signal." The king then gave the fatal order for sounding the tocsin from the neighbouring church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois.

Soon after two o'clock on the morning of Sunday, the 24th of August, 1572, the day on which the Catholics celebrate the annual festival of St. Bartholomew, the memorable massacre, which has derived its appellation from the name of that holiday, commenced in the quarters contiguous

to the royal palace of the Louvre. Cosseins was at his post before the admiral's hotel, in the Rue de Béthizy, anxiously awaiting the preconcerted signal, when the light of the dawn discovered to him the approach of the Duke of Guise, at the head of an armed body, and announced to him that the moment for action had arrived. Placing soldiers opposite to the windows, to cut off all escape in that quarter, he knocked loudly at the gate, and demanded admission in the king's name. One of Coligny's gentlemen came down, and opened it: Cosseins instantly despatched him with a dagger, and, followed by his men, entered the court-yard, where the attendants who presented themselves were slain on the spot. The inmates of the house were speedily aroused; but the admiral and his friends resigned themselves to a fate which they saw was inevitable; and, asking pardon of God, prepared to meet it with tranquillity. A gentleman of the household entered the chamber, and, in reply to an inquiry from the surgeon, Ambroise Paré, concerning the cause of the tumult, turned towards Coligny, and addressed him in these words, "Monseigneur, God calls us to himself; the house is forced, and there are no means of resistance." The admiral calmly answered: "I have long been prepared to die; as for you, save yourselves if it be possible, for you cannot protect my life." Several availed themselves of this permission, and endeavoured to escape by passing over the roof; but only a few succeeded in thus saving their lives.

After an ineffectual attempt to barricade the entrance of the house, and to arrest the murderers on the staircase, the door of the admiral's room was forced. A German, named Besme, a Picard captain, named Attin, and several others, all in the pay and employ of the Guises, all covered with cuirasses, and armed with swords and daggers, entered the chamber. Besme advanced towards Coligny, who had but recently arisen from bed, and was still in his night-dress, and placing the point of a sword at his throat, said to him, "Are you not the admiral?"—"I am," replied Coligny, firmly; and then looking calmly upon the sword which threatened him he added, "young man you ought to respect my old age and my infirmities, but you shorten my life only by a few days." Besme plunged the sword into his breast, and drawing it out again, struck him with it several times in the face. The details of this horrid scene were afterwards furnished by the murderers themselves, and particularly by the Picard captain Attin, who declared that he never saw a man with death before his eyes face it with such firmness as the admiral did. His assassins were indeed astonished at his noble demeanour; and Attin said that for a long time he retained an impression of the terror with which he was inspired by the imposing figure of the old man, at the moment of his death.

While these things were passing above, the Duke of Guise, with several other Catholic lords, remained in the court below. Impatient to learn the catastrophe, he at last exclaimed, "Besme, have you finished?" The assassin replied, "It is done." The duke rejoined, "Monsieur d'Angoulême will not believe it unless he sees it with his own eyes; throw the body out of the window." Accordingly, Besme and another lifted up the admiral's body, and let it fall into the court. The face was so disfigured with wounds and blood, that d'Angoulême and Guise doubted if it was Coligny; but having wiped it with a handkerchief, Guise observed, "It is indeed he," and after he had trodden the head under his feet they remounted their horses and departed. The duke, then addressing his men, cried out, "Courage, soldiers, we have begun well; let us go to the others, for the king commands it." He repeated incessantly the words, "The king commands it—it is by his express command—such is his will."

After this dreadful deed, the tocsin from the palace responded to that of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, and the streets resounded with the cry "To arms." The Duke of Guise and his party rode through the city, sword in hand, exciting the people to the massacre; and the better to effect their purpose, they affirmed that Coligny and the Huguenots had conspired against the life of the king and of the princes, that the conspiracy had just come to light, and that the friends of the throne must unite to destroy this impious race, the king being determined to crush and destroy those serpents the heretics. Thus excited and authorized, the people flew to the massacre, and gave way to every species of excess, without fear or remorse—one party rushed to Coligny's dwelling, insulted and mutilated his corpse, and having dragged it through the streets of the city, were about to throw it into the Seine, when it was suggested to carry it to the gibbet at Montfaucon, where they accord-

ingly conveyed it, and suspended it by the thighs with iron chains. The head was embalmed by order of the court and sent, it is said, to Rome as a trophy of the victory.

We are told by a writer of that period, that the queen-mother went to feast her eyes with the sight of poor Coligny's maimed body, as it hung on the gibbet at Montfaucon, taking with her, her sons, her daughter, and her son-in-law. The generous and too-confiding Téligny had been one of the first to suffer: he was slain at Coligny's house, by the guards of the Duke of Anjou. The streets of Paris on that dreadful Sabbath morning, presented a most horrible scene of pillage, massacre, and blood, and the air resounded with mingled cries of savage triumph, and of agony and death. Not even the Louvre itself was free from these scenes, nor did the hapless victims find any mercy when they threw themselves on the compassion of the king. Nancey, captain of the guard, went with a body of soldiers into the apartments of the King of Navarre and the Prince of Condé, deprived of their arms all the servants and gentlemen attached to the suite of these princes, and forced them from their sleeping apartments to the gate of the Louvre. Here, their Swiss executioners were waiting to despatch them, and when the unhappy gentlemen began to remind the soldiers that they had the king's promise of protection, Charles himself appeared at one of the windows of the Louvre, charging the executioners to do their office, and spare no one. During the whole of that morning, the massacre went on in the royal palace. One of the wretched Protestants rushed into the sleeping apartment of the young Queen of Navarre, and wounded and bleeding as he was, threw his arms around her and besought her protection. The young queen, though terrified and fainting, begged his life, and it was granted to her intercessions. Early in the morning, Charles posted himself at a window looking towards the Seine, and aimed with carbines at such of the fugitives, as having escaped the poignard, were attempting to save their lives by swimming across the river. The same morning he sent for the young King of Navarre and the Prince of Condé, and, while he endeavoured to justify the massacres, as well as the assassination of Coligny, promised to spare and pardon them, on condition of their renouncing the Protestant faith, and embracing Popery, and on that condition alone. The King of Navarre, amazed at such a proposition, reminded his brother-in-law of the promises and oaths made at the time of the marriage, of the difficulty of giving up the religion in which he had been brought up, &c., but at the same time conceded to most of the king's wishes. The Prince of Condé spoke more boldly, and with greater energy and indignation; so much so, as to irritate and enrage the king, who loaded him with oaths and threats, and gave him three days only, to consider whether he would renounce his faith, or lose his head. Both princes yielded to the pressing necessity.

Meanwhile, in the city, numbers of persons who had received protestations of friendship from the king on the preceding day, were suffering the penalty of their repose in royal promises. La Rochefoucauld who had been spending the evening of Saturday at the palace, and to whom Charles had jokingly said, when at eleven o'clock his visitor departed, "that he would come and give him the whip in the night," was awakened by masked assassins and stabbed to the heart by one of them named La Barge. Brion, the tutor to the Prince of Condé, in spite of the tears and entreaties of his pupil, was slain in his arms. Pierre de la Place gave three thousand crowns to the chief executioner, in the hope of escaping the general doom. He was seized in his own house, and ordered immediately to repair to the Louvre. His unhappy wife threw herself at the feet of the officer, and besought mercy with many tears. La Place raised her, and, reproving her for the humiliating posture she had assumed, bade her adieu, and tearing from his child's cap a cross which he had previously placed there to preserve it from the murderers, he courageously followed the soldiers. Before he reached the Louvre, five or six assassins fell upon him and poignarded him. A celebrated Professor of that time, Ramus, who had done much for the advancement of literature and mathematical science, but who was also an opponent of the religion and the philosophy of that day, was first induced to give a large ransom for his life, and then assassinated in the college of Presles. Very few were found to offer resistance to the murderers. A lieutenant named Tavernay is distinguished, as having, with the single aid of his servant, kept his

enemies at bay for eight or nine hours. Having exhausted all his ammunition, he was at length overcome, and fell beneath the weapons of the murderers, after having destroyed many who opposed him. François Nompars de Caumont, who, with his two sons, had been lodged in the vicinity of the Louvre, fell beneath the assassins' steel, with one of his children. The other, scarcely twelve years of age, escaped the fury of the murderers. Lying on the ground, and bathed in the blood of his father and brother, he was supposed to be dead, and in this situation, the child remained a whole day without moving, till in the evening he heard some of those who entered the house, bewailing the fate of this murdered family, and saying, that God would not surely leave unpunished so dreadful a crime. Encouraged by these words, the boy raised his head, and attracted the attention of these benevolent persons. They asked his name, but he was prudent enough to reply, "I am the son of one of these dead persons, and the brother of the other." When they still further pressed to know who he was, he said, "that he would tell them as soon as they had taken him to a place of safety." Let me be taken to the arsenal," said he, "I am related to Biron, the master of the artillery, and you will be rewarded for your trouble." They took him there with all the necessary precautions, and the child was saved.

But how great was the number of those who were not equally fortunate! It would be impossible to relate even a small portion of the events of that and of the two succeeding days: but, as some relief to our painful narrative, we may mention the escape of a party of Protestants, lodged in the Faubourg St. Germain, among whom were the Count of Montgomery, the Vidame of Chartres, the Sieur de Fontenay, and others. Being informed of the tumult in the city, they felt so persuaded that it must have originated with the Guise party, and that not only was the king innocent of any ill intent towards the Protestants, but that he must be himself in danger from this sudden disturbance, that they were actually on their road to the Louvre, to offer their assistance to his majesty, when, as they were stepping into the boats which were to convey them across the river, they beheld about two hundred soldiers of the king's guard advancing on the opposite side, and the king himself stationed at the window of the Hotel de Bourbon, firing as fast as guns could be handed to him, and encouraging the men below to proceed with their work of destruction. At this sight the Protestants lost not a moment in making their escape, and some on foot, some on horseback, contrived to elude their pursuers, leaving, however, their homes and families to pillage and massacre.

De Thou reckons the number of Protestants slain in Paris alone, on St. Bartholomew's day, at two thousand, and other writers tell us that ten thousand were killed during the three days more particularly set apart for massacre in that city. The river Seine was laden with corpses, and no fewer than eleven hundred bodies were cast ashore in the neighbourhood of St. Cloud, Anteuil, and Chaillet. The bodies were not all removed from the streets of Paris for more than a month, and even at the distance of a year from the time of the massacre, they were frequently discovered on the roofs of houses, in cellars, and other remote places. The total number of those who were slain throughout the kingdom, has been estimated by De Thou at 30,000, but there are other historians who believe it to have amounted to 100,000.

At about five o'clock in the evening, proclamation was made by the sound of a trumpet in the king's name, that all the citizens were to retire to their homes; this order, however, was not sufficient wholly to restrain the people from continuing the massacre. On the following morning (Monday) they returned to their work with fresh vigour, and it is said that the slaughter was as great as on the preceding day. Tuesday was scarcely less dreadful, and throughout the remaining days of the month and the early part of September, the Protestants were gradually traced to all their hiding places, and entirely exterminated. It has been very much questioned, whether Charles was at first so active in this dreadful affair as he is represented to have been, or whether he was at all aware of the extent of those proceedings in which he was persuaded by Catherine to take the first step. Whatever may have been his reluctance to commence the attack on the Protestants, (and this supposition is very contradictory to some of the accounts of his duplicity towards them, related above,) there can be no question as to his enjoyment of, and participation in, the scene of blood which followed. We must disbelieve

nearly all the historians of the period if we exculpate him from a large share in the cruelties of that memorable time. Not to speak of his visit to the gibbet of the faithful and too-credulous Coligny, and the expression he made use of, that "The body of a dead enemy always smells sweet," nor of his incitement of the people with oaths and exclamations to hasten their work, aiding with his own hand in the slaughter, we have an unanswerable proof of the delight he took in the sufferings of the Protestants, in his conduct towards Cavagnes, a councillor of the parliament of Toulouse, and Brique-maut, a retired military officer of rank, who had been thrown into prison during the massacre, and were reserved for greater sufferings at the king's pleasure. It was the aim and object of the court to persuade people generally that the massacre had been perpetrated merely in self-defence, inasmuch as a conspiracy on the part of the Huguenots for the murder of the royal family had been on the eve of breaking out at the time when Coligny and his party were thus suddenly overpowered and destroyed. That they might obtain something confirmatory of this assertion, Catherine and her son caused a strict search to be made among Coligny's papers, and this having failed, they brought forward the two prisoners before mentioned, and accused them of being concerned in the treason for which the admiral suffered death. Not the slightest shadow of evidence could be found to criminate these gentlemen beyond the bare assertions of those who were procured to accuse them, and the judges accordingly declared their innocence. Another tribunal was then found, and an unsuccessful attempt made to allure the venerable prisoners (for they were both advanced in years) to confess themselves guilty by a promise that their lives should be saved. Finding them to remain firm, and to be proof against all the arts employed against them, the court pronounced sentence of death on them, and the confiscation of their goods. Although Charles had been intimately acquainted with these unhappy men, and had shown them many marks of favour and regard, he nevertheless indulged his savage disposition with the sight of their dying agonies. For this purpose he repaired early in the evening to the Hotel de Ville, with his mother and some chosen guests, and partook of a sumptuous repast, while the gray-haired prisoners sat bound together on hurdles, (in which state they had been previously dragged from their prison to this, the place of execution,) waiting for the conclusion of the royal banquet, and exposed to all the indignities which a brutal populace could heap upon them. At ten o'clock the windows were thrown open, and Charles, and his mother and brothers, came forward to view, by the blaze of many torches, the last agonies of their former friends. Nor did they shrink from the dreadful spectacle, but looked on with fixed attention and apparent satisfaction.

The conduct of the queen-mother and of the court, after the perpetration of this horrible crime, shows that they had not sufficiently calculated its consequences, and that they were filled with apprehensions lest a just vengeance should overtake them. They at first endeavoured to excuse their conduct by accusing the Huguenots of treasonable intentions, then they laid the blame on the Guises, and Charles wrote to all the provincial governors, assuring them that the disorder had commenced without his knowledge or sanction, and that the Guises, having been informed of the intention of the friends and relations of Coligny to avenge the wounds which the admiral had received, had raised all the citizens against them in order to prevent it. Then two days after, (August 26,) the king, in contradiction to all this, called in religion to excuse his crimes, and after hearing a solemn mass at Notre Dame, went and formally declared before the parliament that he had himself commanded the massacre to take place, in order to put a stop to the conspiracies of the Protestant rebels. On the same day he published an edict, in which he declared himself anew the "sole author of the massacres," but in which he placed the Protestants under the protection of the law, and commanded that so long as they lived in peace, no further injury should be done to their persons or their property. What he commanded in public, however, he counter-ordered in private, and the destruction of individuals and appropriation of their property went on as before under the very eyes of the king at Paris, and with his knowledge in nearly all the towns of France.

The court was now greatly harassed by fears of the ambition of the Guises, and of the vengeance of the Montmorencis, and of all the Protestants. The vacillation displayed in its edicts were sufficient to prove its weakness

and its fears. After the solemn declaration of the king just related, the parliament began its proceedings against the memory of Coligny, and of his slaughtered party, and *condemned them to suffer death*. This absurd trial appears to have been carried on through fear of the Guises, and to give countenance to their late conduct, and some few of the Protestants yet living were brought forward to share in the sentence, and to suffer its infliction.

Instead of ridding the kingdom of those who were enemies to the public peace, Catherine soon found that she had increased her enemies ten-fold by the late massacre. Notwithstanding that the number of Protestants throughout the kingdom was greatly diminished, and that in Paris they were nearly exterminated, yet they never gave her so much cause for apprehension as now, when the popular feeling was beginning to turn towards the oppressed party. Civil wars harassed the kingdom, and private animosity, vengeance, and fanaticism, conspired to render them more dreadful than ever. The authority of the queen and her son was despised and disregarded, and Catherine saw herself obliged to solicit peace at the hands of those whom she had formerly oppressed and condemned.

In the year following that of the massacre, the Duke of Anjou, brother to Charles IX., met with a severe reproof for his share in the crime, in crossing the Palatinate, in his journey to Poland, of which country he had been chosen king. He was conducted into an apartment of the elector's palace, where the portrait of Coligny occupied a conspicuous situation. The elector pointed to it, and inquired if the original had not been well known to him. On the duke's reply in the affirmative, the elector paid his tribute to the memory of the admiral in the following terms: "He was the best man, and the wisest and greatest captain in Europe; and I have taken charge of his children, lest the French dogs should tear them in pieces, as they have done their father."

The duke received this cutting reproof in silence, and felt himself little at ease in the palace, especially when he observed that the attendants who surrounded him were principally gentlemen who had escaped the poignard, in that massacre in which he had himself taken an active part. Setting out as quickly as possible from the Palatinate, where he met with nothing but reproach, and where he could not feel himself to be free from danger, he arrived in Poland. But here he had need of all the address he could command, to pacify the people, who, having learnt that he was an accomplice with his mother and brother, were disposed to reject him with horror from being king. By means of written apologies and explanations, little in accordance with truth, he at length succeeded in allaying their resentment, and dissuading them from their purpose. The same indignation was shown at the crimes of the French court by the German princes, and by nearly all the sovereigns of Europe. The court of Rome and the king of Spain alone made those crimes a matter of rejoicing; nor can we wonder at the circumstance, since they are allowed to have taken counsel with Catherine, on the best means of ridding the kingdom of the Protestants, and must naturally have participated in her joy at the accomplishment of their wishes. The Pope was made acquainted, on the 6th of September, with the execution of the Parisian massacre, and the letters of his French minister, which were read in a full assemblage of cardinals, conveyed the intelligence, that everything had been done by the *express order of the king*. At this news the joy of the court of Rome was beyond all bounds; religious ceremonies were appointed, to thank God for the success of the plot, solemn masses were celebrated, a jubilee published, cannons fired, bonfires lighted in the streets, and grand processions formed, in which the Pope, the cardinals, ambassadors, priests, and soldiers assisted. The Cardinal of Lorraine exhibited the greatest pleasure on the occasion; he gave three thousand crowns in gold to the gentlemen who had been dispatched by his brother, the Duke d'Aumale, to bear him the joyful tidings. He celebrated mass with great pomp and display after the procession was over. They placed an inscription on the church, signifying that the Cardinal of Lorraine, in the name of the Christian King Charles IX., returned thanks to God, and congratulated "our holy father the Pope, Gregory XIII., the sacred college of cardinals, &c., on the wonderful and incredible success which had attended the *counsels given and the aid afforded by the Holy See*, and the prayers which had been offered up, by the appointment of his Holiness, for twelve years past;"—thus avowing, as openly as it was possible to do, the participation of the

court of Rome in the extermination of Protestants. In order to perpetuate the memory of the triumph, the Pope caused a medal to be struck, bearing on one side this inscription, *UGONOTTORUM STRAGES*, 1572, and on the other, *GREGORIUS XIII. PONT. MAX. AN. II.* Misson, in his *Travels in Italy*, mentions having seen this medal, and Sir William Cockburn, of Bath, has one of them in his possession, a lithographic copy of which he has placed as a frontispiece to his *History of this atrocious Massacre*. From this print we have borrowed our representation of the medal given on the following page, and we are further indebted to the Baronet's well-timed volume for many of the particulars which form the substance of this paper.

The King of Spain too appears to have played no mean part in the tragedy we have been describing. He furnished a portion of the funds necessary for carrying into execution the designs of the French court. In the directions given to his son before his death, he spoke of his correspondence with the most powerful and ambitious men in France; "a correspondence," said he, "very dearly bought, and arising out of the weakness of the then reigning king, by means of civil wars kindled on account of religion, and which I had revived by means of the ecclesiastics in my pay; having in all these designs employed thirty-two years of my life, and consumed more than six hundred million ducats in extraordinary expenses, passing under my own knowledge, and of which you will find the particulars in my secret cabinet, written with my own hand." Thus the manoeuvres of the King of Spain, who died in 1598, having lasted, by his own confession, thirty-two years, must have commenced in 1566, just after the period of the famous interview at Bayonne, suggested by Pope Pius the Fourth, at which the Duke of Alva, on the part of the King of Spain, met Catherine de Medicis and Charles on the subject of the deliverance of the country from the Protestant party. Thus, after all, it appears likely that the court of France played but a secondary part in this affair, and that while Catherine and her son were indulging the cruel propensities of their nature, they were at the same time seconding the political views of Rome and Spain, and deriving advice from the one and pecuniary assistance from the other.

King Charles it is certain reaped nothing from the massacre but grief and remorse, and the indignation of all right-minded persons. He died in two years after the massacre, amidst the most dreadful sufferings of body and mind. He raved of blood and murders, of the wicked counsel he had followed, and of the doom which awaited him; and expired on the 30th of May, 1574. Nor was it only on the approach of death that he experienced these emotions of dread and remorse. His surgeon, Ambroise Paré, who, although a Huguenot, was spared by the king on account of his superior skill, was witness to similar emotions soon after the massacre; for Charles confessed to him that he felt as if in a high fever, and that the figures of the murdered people, with their faces smeared with blood, seemed to start up before him every moment, both when he was awake and asleep. The occurrence of these transient fits of remorse has been the cause of some differences of opinion as to the share really borne by the king in these proceedings; but of these differences of opinion we have already spoken.

Catholic and Protestant writers of the time of the Bartholomew, and of succeeding days, have generally described this butchery of their fellow creatures in terms of indignation and horror, but there were some who could be found at that period, as there are at the present time, to palliate, to defend, or even to justify these massacres. Such persons must surely have allowed party feeling to blind their judgment to an extraordinary degree; and if they are attached to the faith of the Roman Catholic Church, their opinions afford small evidence of that change from a persecuting to a mild and tolerant spirit, which we frequently hear ascribed to Roman Catholics of the present day.

Having thus noticed some of the occurrences of that eventful period, which witnessed the treacherous and cruel conduct man is capable of, and the scenes of blood in which even females can delight, we may now furnish an account of a remarkable escape from the massacre, which will perhaps give a better notion of the strictness of the search after Protestants, and the thirst for their blood which prevailed at the time, than any remarks of a more general nature.

Philip de Mornay, (for whose interesting biography in

* *The Massacre of St. Bartholomew, with a concise History of the Corruptions, Usurpations, and Anti-social Effects of Romanism.* By SIR WILLIAM S. R. COCKBURN, BART. A.M.



MEDAL STRUCK BY POPE GREGORY XIII., IN COMMEMORATION OF THE MASSACRE OF FRENCH PROTESTANTS ON THE FEAST OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW, 1572.

our own language we are indebted to the Rev. Mr. Hone*,) who afterwards distinguished himself as a soldier, a politician and an author, was at the time of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, in his twenty-third year. He had travelled over great part of Europe, and was well known for his zeal in the Protestant cause. At the time of the attempt on Coligny's life, he was on the point of leaving Paris for his country residence, but as soon as he heard of this mournful event, he delayed his departure, determined to stand by his old friend, and abide the fate of the Protestants in Paris. He hired apartments in the Rue de Bétizy, but was not able to take possession of them immediately. While they were being prepared for his reception, he remained at the Rue St. Jaques, and it was on his return from a visit to the admiral, to his rooms in the latter street, late on the evening of the 23rd, that he discovered symptoms of the approaching tumult. At five o'clock in the morning he despatched a servant to gain further intelligence, and soon learnt in what a dreadful state affairs now were. He began to prepare for leaving the city, but before he could dress himself, the street was filled with people, and the work of massacre going on on all sides. His landlord was kindly disposed towards him, and concealed him, while the house was searched by a party who came in pursuit of him. During the rest of the day, they were allowed to remain unmolested, for the master of the house was a Catholic, and the murderers having sought in vain for his lodger, proceeded with their work in other directions. On the following morning, however, they returned and commenced the pillage of a house adjoining that in which De Mornay was. The landlord then advised his departure, and accordingly De Mornay contrived to pass through the mob, without being observed. He walked through two or three streets, every moment in great danger of being detected, till he came to the house of an attorney named Girard, who had formerly been employed by his family in the management of their affairs. Owing to the prudent management of Girard, who easily comprehended the danger he was in, he was instantly admitted, as if a member of the family, and placed at a desk in the office, among the clerks employed there. Some friends of De Mornay, however, having guessed at the place of his retreat, came to beg for protection also, and this increase of visitors having attracted the attention of those who were on the watch for everything that might lead to the detection of Protestants, an order was received by Girard to deliver up the persons concealed in his house. De Mornay, thus driven from his place of shelter, once more escaped from the house and intermingled with the populace, without knowing what step to take. A person who had formerly been in his service,

happened to recognise him, and offered to get him out of the city by the Porte St. Martin, where he was known to the guard. De Mornay gladly accepted his offer, but disappointment awaited him here, for an order had been issued, to prevent the opening of the gate that morning. They now repaired to another gate, and were actually permitted to pass, De Mornay having assumed the character of an attorney's clerk going to spend the vacation at Rouen. They had not long passed the gate, however, before the person on guard, remembered that they were not dressed as if intending to take so long a journey as to Rouen. He therefore despatched four armed men after them, who soon overtook and brought back the unfortunate pair. The mob became so violent at the attempted escape of the fugitives, that they dragged De Mornay along with the intention of throwing him into the river. His presence of mind was not shaken by this treatment. He coolly told them that they would repent of their conduct another day, when they found that they had drowned an innocent person in mistake for a guilty one, and that it was only for them to take him into some house, and he would give them such references to people in the city, as should convince them that he really was what he appeared to be. This conduct had its effect; the populace had still sufficient forbearance to wish to shed only Huguenot blood, and they therefore complied with his request. But now that he had gained his point, he was almost as much at a loss as ever.

He at first thought of trying to escape by the window of the room in which they had placed him, but knowing that this would be a vain attempt, he gave them the names of two persons of importance to whom he knew they could not gain access. But they were not to be thus easily satisfied; they required other references, and De Mornay sent messengers, with an open note to Girard, which ran thus: "Sir,—The people of the Porte and Faubourg of St. Dennis detain me here, and will not believe that I am Philip Mornay, your clerk, to whom you have given leave to go to Rouen to see his relations. Please to convince them of the truth of this statement, that I may proceed on my journey." The attorney on receiving this note, assumed an air of much importance, blamed the people for detaining his clerk, and wrote on the back of the paper the certificate required, with the assurance that his clerk was neither a rebel nor a seditious person. The two men were quite convinced by the words and by the manner of Girard, that they had been in the wrong, and when they told their comrades the particulars of their visit to the attorney, De Mornay was not only set at liberty, but was escorted by some of those who had previously been so bitter against him, to the outskirts of the city. After many other perils and escapes, he arrived at his estate in Normandy, but even there he found no place of safety, and accordingly he embarked at Dieppe for England, where he arrived on the ninth day after the massacre.

* *Lives of Eminent Christians*, by the Rev. RICHARD HONE, Vicar of Hales Owen. Three vols.; published under the direction of the General Literature and Education Committee of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

END OF THE FIFTEENTH VOLUME.

